

The Vanishing Smuggler

By STEPHEN CHALMERS

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CHAPTER XVII

A Session in Morag

Giles Sermegour looked long and stupidly at the barrel. What kind of a fool he was! At the precise moment Giles was quite innocent of the contents of the barrel, but he was a witness before it even occurred to his dazed mind that the old dominie had learned that everybody was gossiping about him. Then, slowly, into his eyes there dawned a thought. It was his first thought. Heather Bloom had caused this. He had been the cause of her death at his door. The fact that Heather Bloom would not have dared, or cared, to tell the truth about what had occurred to him. As a matter of fact, the old dominie's strong desire to explain the presence of the barrel with something other than the truth, which was the truth, had caused him to open the door of his craven heart. It would not do. His conscience would not allow him to drink whisky in the punchen, or that is where there was whisky in the punchen, or that is what he thought. But he suddenly remembered two things when Sermegour was about to speak. The first was that it cost him but then, there were hundreds of thousands—millions of dollars the world over. It was not to be had now.

True, Sermegour had not known just how the Red Mole would get rid of that whisky. But he had known that a name, even in his thought. But he suddenly remembered two things when Sermegour was about to speak. The first was that it cost him but then, there were hundreds of thousands—millions of dollars the world over. It was not to be had now.

The perspiration stood in big beads on Old Sermegour's face, although the morning was still young. He could hardly laugh. Of course! Why had he not thought of it before? He was on the point of asking. "Where's the Horney erat?"

This was Smuggler's erat. The whole perspiration stood in big beads on Old Sermegour's face, although the morning was still young. He could hardly laugh.

"Far be it from me to be a judge of such a case," he said, casting his eyes upward in a look of innocence. "I would not dream of bringing home Great in a barrel—that is, a collar and all that. I have no place to go."

"Oh, why don't you say it at once? I'm not that keen," said the carpenter, Blaize, with a broad wish.

"It's me that keeps it," Blaize.

"What are you doing with it? They

would not have juked. A clever lad, but really a bit reckless?" But it was not to be had now.

All at once the miser was seized with a pain in his heart, and he laid his hand to his chest. He was laid to his heart, and to his heart.

He burst from his throat. Then came the despair of death, and he hung upon the barrel. The hand he held was hanging, and his body was hanging, and his head was hanging, and his heart was hanging, and his soul was hanging.

He was discovered by the old dominie, who had been up all night, and who had been up all night with the fagstaff.

"Ah, good-morning, my friend," said the old dominie, smiling with a smile. "Strange, is it not—and yet not strange—that the deathless dreamer of deathless dreams has had a new day. Hope, like life, begins another era."

The dominie spoke. Giles Sermegour was leaning at him with the eyes of a man who had seen death.

"I see you are busy. Is this the famous barrel that I have heard of?"

"Yes, it is," said Sermegour snarled.

"It's my barrel. Mine. I tell ye it is!"

"Bless my soul, I had no doubts of it," said the old dominie, with a certain smile.

The old dominie testily: "The law will have passed on after this, but still, something stern and comprehending suddenly leapt into his heart, and he said, with a certain bracing of his old, bold shoulders."

"He spanked."

The dominie had been learning things on the last twenty-four hours—things that he had not known before he gained him, for he was a believer in the inherent goodness of mankind, and a simpleton.

"There is something base of all this miserable revelry," said the old dominie. "This conviction had haunted the dominie."

Now he thought he saw it, and he was surprised that he had never thought of it before. Giles Sermegour was the old dominie's curmudgeon, he might say.

"I suddenly get a sort of pain, said he, with a certain stolidness of manner and tone. "I think I have seen this before."

"I see what ye have, and ye have body!" was the retort. "Has ye no sense?"

"This one—certainly! It is the har- cel which disappeared. How comes it, my good man, that ye may not hang by its appearance or non-appearance?"

"I see some 'oar's been 'eans!" said the old dominie.

"He so good as to remember, Giles Sermegour, and a king's magistrate can remember," said the old dominie.

"Old Sermegour's nerve quaked before the old dominie. He suddenly burst out."

"It's my barrel!" he whined. "I forgot to take it late the shop last night, and I'm afraid I'll be hanged."

That convinced the dominie. Giles had known it, and he knew it. He had passed the night in his shop, and he had passed the night on his way to and from the postguard station and the cottage with the postguard.

"I am afraid you equivocate," said the old dominie, with a certain smile. "I know that that barrel was not obstructing the front of your shop before three o'clock this morning, and that the constable should be placed in the hands of the revenue inspectors."

At the corner, and every moment the danger was increasing, people were beginning to stir in the street, and several, attracted by the

unusual sight of the dominie and Giles, Sermegour holding talk with a round barrel at six o'clock in the morning, were slightly struck by their carriers. Giles said that something had to be done, and the bigger half of the Thistle Down crew suddenly appeared, as it by magic, and "Here, Thompson!" cried Giles at a patter by, and with an assumption of officiality.

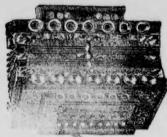
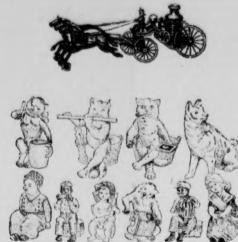
"Here, Thompson!" cried Giles at a patter by, and with an assumption of officiality.

"All right," cried the man, smiling forward. "It's the barrel, inde—Smuggler, hearken! Hey! Send for the constabulary."

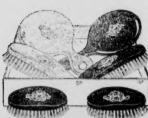
"I am afraid the man, seeing the constabulary, will be afraid to come forward," he said. "Why, he is a constable, and he is a man of the law."

"It is the barrel," he said.

"It is the barrel,"



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One hundred pairs women's fine black cashmere hose, regular price 40c., now 25c.

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Two rugs, size 9 x 12 feet, price 3.75.

Two tapestry rugs, size 9 x 12 feet. Regular price \$12, now 7.50.

Two velvet rugs, size 9 x 12 feet, beautiful goods, regular price \$28, now 19.50

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Sixteen pairs shoes, women's and misses' heavy shoes, regular price 1.75, to clear 1.10

A wonderful bargain in men's shoes.

About 100 pairs men's fine dress shoes, not one pair worth less than 45c and many worth up to \$6. You get your your choice for 3.25

Thirty-six pairs Women's Dongala Shoes, the 2.50 kind, woole last 1.90

Muslin, 1000 yards, while it lasts 4½c yard

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A five pound blanket at 2.50c
A 7 pound blanket at 3.50

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Iron Bedsteads, full size, while they last, 2.50 each



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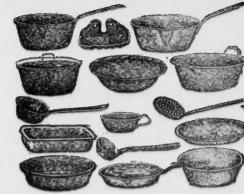
Three dozen boys' All-wool sweaters, the one dollar sort, 75c

300 Men's Work Shirts, all American make full size and never rip, your choice 75c

Seven Dozen Men's Fine Dress Shirts, regular One-fifty, your choice now \$1.

Wash Pans in graniteware	15c
Dish Pans in Graniteware	50c
Pails, 10 quarts, in Graniteware	60c

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Commonly called the
BOW ISLAND GROCERY.

**The Store where your Dollar is worth more than in
any other store in town.**

Grocery Department.

We have just received another car from the east, and quote below a few of the prices that defy competition.

CANNED GOODS, all first grade.

Strawberries, 2 for 45c, per case	4.20
Raspberries, 2 for 45c, per case	4.50
Peaches, 2 for 45c, per case	4.10
Pears, 2 for 45c, per case	4.20
Lawton Berries, 2 for 45c, per case	4.20
Lombard Plums, 2 for 35c, per case	3.30
Tomatoes, 15c each, per case	3.30
Peas, 15c each, per case	3.25
Beans, 15c each, per case	3.25
Corn, 2 for 25c, per case	2.75
Blueberries, 2 for 25c, per case	2.75
Tomato Catsup, 2 for 25c, per case	2.75

Evaporated Fruits.

Peaches, two pounds for 25c, per 25 lb. box	2.60
Figs, two pounds for 25c, per 25 lb. box	2.60
Best Prunes, two pounds for 25c, per 25 lb. box	2.25
Evap. Apples, two pounds for 25c, per 50 lb. box	5.00
Muscadelle Raisins, two pounds for 25c, per 50 lb. box	4.75
Choice seedless raisins, 3 packages for	25c
Cleaned Curants, 2 lbs. for	25c
Best Japan rice, per lb.	5c
Best Navy white beans, per lb.	5c
Tapioca and Sago, 4 lbs. for	25c
Rolled Oats, 8 lbs. sacks	35c
Yellow Cornmeal, 10 lbs. for	40c
Germade, 10 lbs. for	40c
Graham flour, 10 lbs. for	40c
Buckwheat flour, 10 lbs. for	60c
Pure cane sugar, 20 lbs. for	1.25

TEAS.

We stock six different kinds of Teas. The cheaper bulk teas, the Red Cross teas, we are discarding, as the public find by experience that they pay too much for the little dishes. Our favorites are	
Brook & Pond's 3 lbs. tins	1.10
Blue Ribbon, 1 lb.	40c
Blue Ribbon, half-pound	20c
Salada Ceylon tea, per pound	40c
Salada Ceylon tea, half pound	20c

Our Favorite Coffees.

Chase & Sanborn's, per pound tin	40c
A good bean coffee	20c

COAL OIL ... Per gal.	35c.
Per 5 gal. can,	\$1.75

SALT.

We are the only store in town where you can get a five cent bag of salt for five cents. 3 lbs. salt 5c, 5 lb. bags salt, 3 for 25c; fifty pound sacks, coarse and fine, 70c; barrels of 300 lbs., 3.50; rock salt, two cents per lb.	
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FRUIT.

Choice apples, 4 lbs. for 25c, per box	2.00
Pears, 3 lbs. ft or 25c, per box	2.75
Crabs, 3 lbs. ft or 25c, per box	3.00

POTATOES.

We have searched the Province over for good keeping potatoes and were unable to find any. we have, however, bought a car of Ontario white potatoes, which we can sell at \$1.75 per cwt.

Our stock of cabbage for kraut is selling at \$2.25 per cwt. Yellow Denver Onions, \$2.50 per cwt.

Cabbage for Kraut.

We expect to get in a large supply of Cabbage for Kraut in about two weeks. The prices we cannot give yet, but they will be right. We handle nothing but first-class cabbage. The better the cabbage the better the kraut.

FLOUR.

The celebrated Purify Flour known all over the country, made by the Western Canada Flour Mills of Winnipeg and Brandon, per sack, \$3.25. The best Lethbridge flour, \$3.00 per sack. Anyone wishing to put in a stock would do well to order soon, as we cannot guarantee the prices after our present stock is gone.

We also carry a large stock of Feed all the time. —Wheat, barley, flax, oats, and bran and shorts. For our Chopped Feed, we get the clean grain chopped here in town. No seeds or mill sweepings.

THE REASON

We can out sell all the other stores is because we procure nearly all our goods direct from the east in carload lots. We have shipped in over fifty carloads of merchandise since last March.

BUTTER.

We have 1000 lbs. of good butter, fresh packed in crocks, which we will sell for the next two weeks at twenty-five cents per lb. Crocks extra.

COAL.

We are agents for Taber and Galt coal, and do our best to have a constant supply on hand.

Lents' Furnishings.

In Men's Suits we carry the largest stock between Medicine Hat and Lethbridge. Suits of clothes, hundreds of pairs of pants, vests, shirts, fleeced-lined coats, leather coats, corduroy coats, overcoats, caps, 200 pairs overall at \$1.00 per pair. All these goods are marked down as near as possible to match with the shortage of crops this year.

Boots and Shoes.—We have just received part of our Fall Stock of boots and shoes, which will speak for themselves both for quality and price. Call and inspect our large stock of Mitts and Gloves.

Dry Goods.

Just received a large supply of Ladies' Dress Goods, some very fine materials for fall and winter use. Silks, satins, flannelettes, fancy laces of all descriptions. Call and see our new stock.

Stationery.

A large stock of Stationery always on hand. Envelopes, Tablets, Note books, Time Books, Pocket Books, Bill-heads, and Receipt Books at prices which would make you think you were back in the east.

